



T H E

Happy Swain.

THIS cold flinty heart 'tis you that have
warm'd,
You have waken'd my passion, my senses have charm'd
In vain against Simon, and may it more prove,
What's life without passion, sweet passion of Love,
Sweet passion, sweet passion, sweet passion of Love.

The frost nips the bud, and the rose cannot blow,
From the youth that is frost nipt no raptures can
flow,
Elysium to him but decent may prove,
What's life without passion, &c.

The spring shall be warm'd, the young season b^e
gay,
Her buds and her flowers make blythsome sweet
May,
Love blesses the cottage, and sings thro' the grove,
What's life without passion, &c.

How bless'd shall I be when at the happy day
When I lead thee forth gently to hail the new May
With envious eye will each swain disapprove,
So sweet is the passion, &c.

Consent my dear charmer to be but my wife,
'Twill make my days happy the rest of my life,
To love thy dear person my heart shall e'er move,
Bless the day that began the sweet passion of love,
Bless the day, &c.

